[fic] Under the Bright Lights.

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Title: Under the Bright Lights.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Foursome smut, inappropriate wing touching, angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Balthazar/Lucifer/Uriel/Castiel.
Word Count: 1,375 words.
Summary: Lucifer proves to Balthazar that he was worth falling for, reaffirms Uriel's faith in him, and draws Castiel in.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card.

Many thanks to **~~theinsaneeraser~~** and **~~ravenspear~~** for inspiration and wordwars. (You guys are going to get credit for most of my bingo card, aren't you?)

This is set in an AU wherein Uriel talked Balthazar into helping him raise Lucifer and Balthazar fell as a result. (pre-series) S4 went as normal, but in S5 Lucifer raised Uriel and that leads to this. Which is a PWP. :P

Enjoy!

"Are you as bright as Uriel claims you are?" Balthazar whispers in Lucifer's ear. "Are you worth everything I suffered for you?"

Lucifer presses hands to Balthazar's shoulder as he arches up, spreads himself over him. His wings spill out from his shoulders as he does so, and for all of the chill that they carry with them, Lucifer's wings are blindingly bright, terribly beautiful.

"Yes," Lucifer hisses back as he brushes lips against Balthazar's cheek. "I am."

He is arrogant enough to say it, and bright enough for Balthazar to believe it, and Balthazar doesn't close his eyes in fear of missing even a second of this, and the Morningstar smiles at him, still unfolding wings as Balthazar watches.

"Spread your legs, brother, and submit to me," Lucifer commands, and who could deny one such as he?

Uriel has a hand on Castiel's arm as he leads his newly resurrected brother into the room, and while the hold is for Castiel's benefit it suddenly becomes a point of stability for Uriel as well as he stops to look at what Lucifer is doing.

Balthazar is lost in pleasure yet still looking at Lucifer as if he can't stop, and Lucifer is thrusting into him with smooth motions that make Balthazar whine and beg for more with every pass, and Uriel knows immediately that Lucifer meant for Castiel and he to arrive at this moment and see this.

Balthazar is flushed and shaking as if he's been here for hours and maybe he has been, Uriel doesn't know, but he swallows and moves closer. He *wants* to touch, wants -

"Uriel, Castiel," Lucifer says, sounding perfectly composed. "Come join us."

Uriel lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding and approaches, letting go of Castiel to kneel on the bed and put trembling fingers in Lucifer's wings.

They're colder than he thought, but soft even so and Uriel is happy to let his inner fire spread to his fingers and fight back the chill that is threatening to numb him. If he can relieve even a little of this for Lucifer... Uriel smiles, and draws fingers through Lucifer's feathers, leaving heat in his wake.

Balthazar makes a sound as Lucifer shudders forward into him, briefly squirming under this and Uriel nearly stops but Lucifer catches his wrist.

"Keep going," Lucifer commands, and not one of them will mention the note of need in his voice.

Castiel is still stuck by the door, but Uriel can see obvious tenting in his pants, and manages to catch his eye before leaning in to place his mouth on the curve of Lucifer's wing, and Lucifer's moan and obvious uncontrolled jerk manages to draw Castiel further into the room.

Uriel thinks nothing of licking at feathers and warming Lucifer as he does, and savors how Lucifer thrusts deeper into Balthazar and makes sounds that they all know he never intended to make.

Lucifer's control is impressive, Uriel knows that, and if necessary Lucifer will impress Castiel and Balthazar with it later.

But now - now is for Balthazar to grip at Lucifer's arms and plead for more, and now is for Castiel to reach out to Lucifer's shoulder and touch.

"How?" Castiel asks, but Lucifer seizes his arm and pulls him in, silencing any questions with a kiss.

Uriel pauses to watch, then digs fingers into Lucifer's feathers as Lucifer deepens the kiss, makes it more and makes Uriel feel twinges of jealousy, but he can't protest, has no right to protest. He reminds himself of this as he moves behind Lucifer, between his wings to touch his back and where wing meets skin and warm him there, and he savors the sounds of Lucifer's arousal.

"Good," Uriel murmurs into Lucifer's back.

Castiel still can't believe what's in front of him, was barely able to believe it when Uriel appeared to him an hour ago, but here he is: in the presence of Lucifer, the now-freed Adversary and infamous Fallen angel, and he is with Balthazar, who Castiel thought was dead years ago, and he is with Uriel who died so recently that Castiel can still taste the burnt light from Uriel's death.

Lucifer is kissing him, and he is guiding Castiel to place his hand on Balthazar's chest, and Lucifer is whispering encouragement at him between the gasps and moans that Uriel is provoking in Lucifer.

Castiel aches to touch Lucifer's wings, but forces himself not to, and instead spreads fingers on Balthazar's chest and feels muscles move under his skin.

"This is too much," Castiel whispers.

"It's everything, Castiel," Uriel rumbles from behind Lucifer, and Castiel can see him looking over Lucifer's shoulder at him. "This is why I did what I did."

Castiel understands but cannot say it, not after he did what he did, and Lucifer laughs quietly.

"There's more," Lucifer says, and touches Balthazar's cheek. "Your wings, now."

Balthazar makes a soft noise and then his wings are there, pressed back into the bed and quivering with pleasure. They are obviously untended, obviously not in a proper shape, and Lucifer tugs at a loose feather briefly.

"Make this right," he tells Castiel. "Give him pleasure."

Castiel makes a sound and opens his mouth, then gives in, bending to groom Balthazar's wings. It's far too intimate, he wants to say. Far too close for him to be, especially to Balthazar, but -

Balthazar's eyes finally close in rapture as Lucifer continues to thrust into him, gentler now, and as Castiel sorts through his feathers with quick gentle fingers.

Castiel doesn't ask why Balthazar chooses to have black wings now, but he does pause to touch Balthazar's cheek and kiss him, lightly.

"I thought you were dead," he whispers, and turns back to Balthazar's wings before Balthazar can answer, or look at him.

Lucifer comes with a shout that breaks the window in the room and his wings flare, briefly blinding everyone and then it is over, he is slumped back into Uriel's arms and breathing, calm.

He watches Balthazar come with Castiel's fingers buried in his feathers, and tilts his head back to look at Uriel.

He lets Uriel kiss him, gently, and mms.

"You're selfless," he murmurs. "I didn't know you could be."

"I'm getting what I want," Uriel says and runs a hand up Lucifer's wing. "Is that wrong?"

Lucifer tugs on Castiel's absurd coat and pulls him into his chest, opening his pants and glances at Uriel. "No. But put those fingers to work elsewhere, now."

Uriel nods and circles around Lucifer to grip Castiel and stroke him, watching Lucifer tilt Castiel back against him as he gasps.

"Is this also what you want?" Lucifer asks, softly.

Castiel moans between them, and Uriel nods, touching Castiel's throat with his fingertips, still stroking his cock with firm strokes. He'll remember this, and if he has his way he'll remember every detail, every twitch of expression Castiel has, the glint in Lucifer's eyes -

"Yes," Uriel says, punctuating his words with sudden jerks of his hands to make Castiel startle and moan with every movement. "I want this."

Lucifer's hand joins him on Castiel's tip, and Lucifer meets his eyes again.

Uriel can hear Balthazar groan as he recovers, and lets his hand leave Castiel's throat to pat Balthazar's leg, but keeps his focus. He doesn't want to miss it when Castiel comes.

And he doesn't miss the way Castiel's hips stutter, or how Castiel can't stay quiet, or how Castiel grabs his arms for stability, and Uriel's mouth curves into a smile as Castiel unravels under him.

Lucifer holds him, and Uriel follows Lucifer's lead when he pulls Castiel around to rest against the headboard by taking Balthazar into his arms and lying with them.

It's comfortable, and Uriel lets his head tip onto Lucifer's shoulder, Balthazar limp in his arms and Castiel recovering in Lucifer's.

"I want to keep this," Uriel says.

"Keep me free and keep them alive, Uriel," Lucifer says softly. "And you can keep this."

Uriel thinks of what stands in their way, and places a warm hand on Lucifer's cheek.

"You're worth everything," Uriel says, and knows that Lucifer understands what he means.